

Good Morning 585

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HOME TOWNS' TRIP With BARNEY BEDFORD

CARE to come on another home town trip, you under-sea sailors? I'm going a little further afield this time—but hop on the wagon and see if there's anything to interest you in my travels. Let's start off from—

PONTEFRAC (YORKS). Remember this old fortress town, with the Castle that was despoiled during the Civil War? They've got some bright ideas in this little burg—to teach manners to the Bevin Boys. Now, I'm not starting any arguments by saying that these lads need to be taught etiquette, but the fact remains—the Miners' Welfare Club there runs weekly classes in etiquette, and they're well patronised, too.

The lads learn such tips as how to escort a lady to a theatre, what to do with which knife and fork when confronted by a darned regiment of them at some swank dinner-table, and the correct way to invite a lady to dance. You know the sort of thing—instead of saying "Snap out of it, sister, and come and wobble your torso to this jumpin' jive," the etiquette class gives you the proper low-down. "May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

Move along there, please, to the next port of call.

HUDDERSFIELD. Had a chin-wag with Million Dollar Legs Maisie, the girl whose stems have done more for the war effort than la Grable's. No, Maisie doesn't display 'em as a morale-booster. She shows 'em to the boys as a National Savings fillip—and don't get me wrong!! (Maisie is an employee of David Brown and Sons, world-famed gearmakers. Her shapely legs have been photographed full size, stuck on the nattiest poster I've seen, and plastered all over the works. Result—weekly savings have increased from £100 to £700.

Maisie's identity is a close secret, lads, so please don't write to me and ask for the name and address of Britain's Leg Lovely No. 1.

A little bit of a journey from Huddersfield, but it's worth while.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. Here we are in the grimy Potteries. And when I say grimy, I mean it. However, the folks in this part of the world have hearts as big as the kilns in which they bake their pots. I should know, because I spent quite a few weeks in their company.

Stayed at the George, Burslem's swankiest hotel, which compares favourably with some of the hydros I've visited at seaside places.

But the main object of my visit wasn't to sample the hotels, but to find out about the splendid idea they have about paying tribute to you blokes in this part of the world.

Instead of building you bronze statues and a lot of rubbish like that, the Stoke-on-Trent Corporation have decided that they'll give you and your wives the best maternity service of any town in Britain. And they're not waiting until the war is over to get on with the job.

They have a flying-squad of nurses to save the lives of prematurely born babies, and their long-term policy has resulted in the infant mortality rate being reduced in five years from 82 to 49 per thousand.

So you Stoke-on-Trent wallahs who are likely to become fathers at any time can take comfort from these figures!

STOCKPORT. Most unusual Town Hall here, blokes. The Town Hall is largely built of marble, and something—must be Manchester weather moving over—has played some queer tricks with this stuff. Nobody knows how, but pictures of odds and ends have a mystifying way of appearing on the marble.

Up to now, the collection includes a duck, a penguin, George Bernard Shaw and the Devil. I didn't link the last two together on purpose, so don't write to G. B. S. and tell him of the coincidence.

Also in this little burg is the Cabbage Patch Express, run and maintained by engineer Jimmy Haughton.

Jimmy has built the railway and track himself, and runs it round his allotment every night for the benefit of Servicemen's kiddies. If you come from that way, give this bloke a big hand.

SOUTHPORT. Council houses for eight bob a week here, lads, when the spot of bother is over and you get back to Civvy Street. More unusual than the low rent is the fact that they are to be built "in conformity with the residential houses in the town." That is what the Town Clerk told me, so you should be on a good thing.

Last call to-day is at—

THORNLEY (COUNTY DURHAM). The Thornley Parish Council were debating a letter from the Ministry of Health the other week, telling them that they had to close their wartime nursery.

Halfway through the debate, one of the members dashed in shouting "The chairman's given birth to twins!"

And it was true. In case you're labouring under any delusions, the chairman is Thornley's first woman to hold this office—Mrs. Jane Anderson, the wife of a colliery joiner.

BARNEY BEDFORD.



Darling of Beckhampton Trained Seven Derby Winners

SECRET OF THE STABLES BY R. A. KEMP



Fred Darling

PERHAPS there's no contrast in the world stranger than the famous prehistoric remains at Avebury, in Wiltshire, and the strings of elegant racehorses you'll see there from the famous Beckhampton stables.

This reminds me about a joke that Fred Darling, the Beckhampton trainer, is probably older than the monuments. For, amazing though it seems, the dapper, crisp-voiced man who is handling such 1945 classic hopes as Loretto and Desert Sun, trained his first Derby winner nearly a quarter of a century ago, and yet still topped the lists last year as the south's best trainer!

He has trained no less than seven Derby winners.

There was Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, Mr. Morris's Manna, and Lord Woolavington's wonderful Coronach the following year. Then there was Cameronian, and the amazing 20-1 drama of Bois Roussel only a year before the war.

I shall never forget my astonishment on hearing, a few weeks before the Derby, that Mr. Peter Beatty had bought Bois Roussel from a Paris theatre owner for no less than £8,000. The Derby nomination seemed to have been a pure fluke; French horses have a poor Epsom record, and the colt had run only once before in his life.

When the task of training a Derby winner in barely four weeks had to be faced, Beatty could not have chosen a better man than Fred Darling.

Beckhampton was alive with spies and snoopers in those few weeks, and this, together with the fancy purchase price, caused Bois Roussel to be the best-backed outsider of any Derby.

Yet, halfway through the race, even Charlie Elliott, the jockey, would have laid 1,000 to 1 against a win.

So he told me afterwards. At one time sixteen or seventeen horses were bunched ahead. Two touches with a

whip at Tattenham Corner did the trick!

Beatty evened up on the colt's cost and training at one stroke by gaining a prize of £9,228—and he had a horse worth £100,000.

START OF A RUMOUR.

Many people, of course, couldn't believe it. Sensational rumours began to circulate that Bois Roussel was a four-year-old—all because someone had had the temerity to face Darling with the question, and the trainer had jokingly answered "Of course!" not believing anyone could be so dumb. Needless to say, the rumour was absolute nonsense. If Beckhampton's walls could speak, what a tale they could tell.

Captain Cuttle, for instance, was found to be walking lame on the very day of the 1922 Derby.

He was the great hope of the stable, but he had twisted a

plate badly. It was, of course, immediately replaced by the farrier in attendance, but Darling had already had knee trouble with the animal.

Neither he nor Steve Donoghue could judge whether the lameness was a recurrence of this, or fresh trouble. The swift decisions a trainer must take were never better typified than in the swift ensuing discussions.

DRAMA OF CAPT. CUTTLE.

Should the stewards be asked for permission to withdraw the horse? In the end, the colt actually hobbled on to the course.

Steve's genius was never better shown than in his handling of the cripple. He set him moving instead of the usual meander to the 1½-mile post. The foot toughened—and Captain Cuttle won.

But the trouble was so real and lasting that the Derby winner made only one more victorious reappearance on the course.

In Manna's case, too, an extra feather was undoubtedly added to Mr. Darling's cap. Mr. Morris merely wired to Darling at Doncaster, "Buy me a good horse on looks and breeding that may win us a classic race."

With these instructions in his pocket, Fred Darling piped up to 6,300 guineas for the horse he selected.

Aside from his twenty-three winners last season, it is in training the King's horses that this sturdy veteran has recently shown his mettle.

It must be remembered that the King is a comparatively small owner, and the winning of the classics is never simple for a small owner.

No less than seven Royal horses, for instance, were nominated by the 1938 Derby, but they did not get very far. And then Big Game and Sun Chariot were sent down to Beckhampton.

Was it the sheer luck of the Turf that they registered nine

victories as two-year-olds and that 1942 became a truly Royal progress? The King made racing history, for instance, by winning the first three classic events of the season.

Sun Chariot won the One Thousand Guineas, and Big Game scooped the Two Thousand. At 4-1 on, when Sun Chariot won the Oaks, she was the hottest favourite on record.

I have never heard such cheering at Newmarket, and Sun Chariot was led back to the unsaddling enclosure through a lane of people half a mile long.

Even Gordon Richards, reputedly straight-faced for any race, was grinning.

How he must have hoped to win the Derby with the unbeaten Big Game next day! Instead, Lord Derby's Watling Street, brilliantly ridden by Wragg, was first past the post in record time. I have never seen Fred Darling look so sad!

Big Game was obviously no stayer, although he subsequently made amends by winning the mile-and-quarter Champion Stakes at Newmarket. Sun Chariot then won the St. Leger for his Majesty, and set him at the head of the table of winning owners... Sun Chariot plus the uncanny skill and good fortune of Fred Darling.

ALEX CRACK

"I've forgotten what the other thing was I came for," said the small girl in the grocer's shop.

The grocer tried to be helpful.

"Was it cheese, bacon, butter, margarine, lard, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, bottled fruit, chutney, piccalilli, bloater paste, potted meat, baking-powder, soap, soda, spice, rice, tapioca, semolina, macaroni, currants, raisins—"

"I remember now. It was, can you tell me the right time?"

PICTURE BY REQUEST for A.B. Lawrie Ellingham

A family group that A.B. Lawrie Ellingham has wanted—so here it is and he'll like it



HERE is the thing you've been wanting. A.B. Lawrie Ellingham, ever since you joined the Forces—a family picture. We're sorry Dad isn't on as well, but he was at work when we called at 8 Henley Street, Bramley, near Leeds.

Your mother told us that you hadn't any pictures of them at all, so the photographer got busy. Leslie, first shy of the camera at first, and refused point blank to be "taken," but he finally consented when he knew it was for his big brother in a submarine.

We were told, Lawrie, that you found it too hot out there, but your family find it just the opposite at home, at the top of that hill, especially when it's snowing and blowing a gale like it was when we called! Leslie came in from school looking like a snowman, and said he hoped it would snow for days, but Mum and Janet just shivered! Feel any cooler now?

Janet and Leslie have been having a good time lately, going to parties, and they chatter excitedly about the ice cream they had, and the presents Santa Claus gave them. Leslie has been

come mechanically minded, and sits for hours trying to mend an old clock—he wouldn't even let go of it to have his picture taken.

Janet is looking forward to the time when she goes to school, but Leslie doesn't think much about it—except Friday afternoons when he can take a book to read!

Talking of books, your mother has been trying to get some for you, but she says it's like looking for gold.

Well, that's all the news from No. 8, except, of course, that everybody sends you their love and wishes you good luck, including your pal, Dennis, who has just been home on leave.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WANGLING WORDS

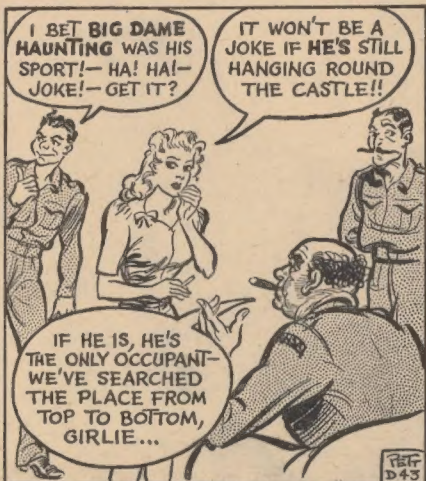
524

- Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: N*T*I*H*T*N*I*G.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COLD into WARM, and COAL into FIRE.
- What English county town has CES for the exact middle of its name?

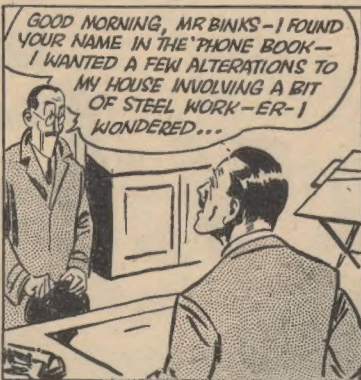
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 523

- NEVERTHELESS.
- HIND, bind, bond, bone, bore, FORE; SOAP, soup, soul, foul, fowl, BOWL.
- PlyMOUTH.
- Dusty study.

JANE



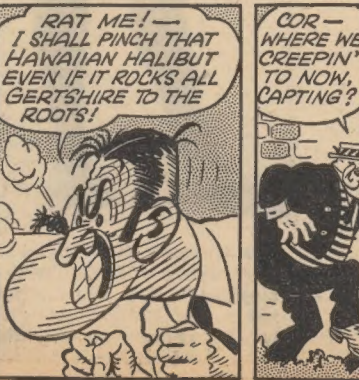
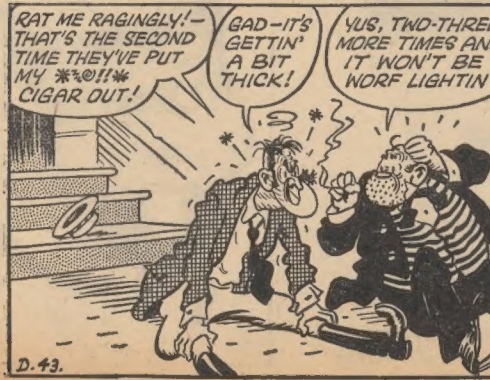
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE WORLD AND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 2)

and two passengers, ploughing their way through the deep sand toward the hotel. Merriam glanced toward them with the mild interest due to strangers. There was something familiar to him in the walk of one of the passengers.

He looked again, and his blood seemed to turn to strawberry ice cream in his veins. Burly, arrogant, debonair as ever, H. Ferguson Hedges, the man he had killed, was coming toward him ten feet away.

When Hedges saw Merriam his face flushed a dark red. Then he shouted in his old, bluff way: "Hello, Merriam. Glad to see you. Didn't expect to find you out here. Quinby, this is my old friend Merriam, of New York—Merriam, Mr. Quinby."

Merriam gave Hedges and then Quinby an ice-cold hand.

"Br-r-r-r!" said Hedges. "But you've got a frapped flipper! Man, you're not well."

You're as yellow as a Chinaman. "Well, you didn't, and I'm Malarial here? Steer us to a not," said Hedges. "That fool bar if there is such a thing, young ambulance surgeon told and let's take a prophylactic." Wade I was a candidate for a Merriam, still half comatose, coffin just because I'd got tired led them toward the Hotel Orilla and quit breathing. I laid up in a private hospital for a month; Hedges, puffing through the slip- as ever. Wade and I tried to find pery sand, "are looking out you, but couldn't. Now, Merriam, shake hands and forget it all. I was as much to blame as you were; and the shot really did me good—I came out of the hos- pidal as healthy and fit as a cab- was some good picking around horse. Come on; that drink's here in silver mines. So we got off. Now, where is that cafe, Merriam? Oh, in this portable soda-water pavilion?"

Leaving Quinby at the bar, Hedges drew Merriam aside.

"Now, what does this mean?" he said, with gruff kindness. "Are you sulking about that fool row we had?"

"I thought," stammered Merriam—"I heard—they told me you were—that I had—"

"Old man," said Merriam, brokenly, "I don't know how to thank you—I—well, you know—"

"Oh, forget it," boomed Hedges. "Quinby'll die of thirst if we don't join him."

Bibb was sitting on the shady side of the gallery waiting for eleven-o'clock breakfast. Presently Merriam came out and

joined him. His eye was strangely bright.

"Bibb, my boy," said he, slowly waving his hand, "do you see those mountains and that sea and sky and sunshine?—they're mine—Bibbsy—all mine."

"You go in," said Bibb, "and take eight grains of quinine, right away. It won't do in this climate for a man to get to think- ing he's Rockefeller, or James O'Neill either."

Inside, the purser was untying a great roll of newspapers, many of them weeks old, gathered in the lower ports by the Pajaro to be distributed at casual stop- ping-places. Thus do the bene- ficent voyagers scatter news and entertainment among the priso- ners of sea and mountains.

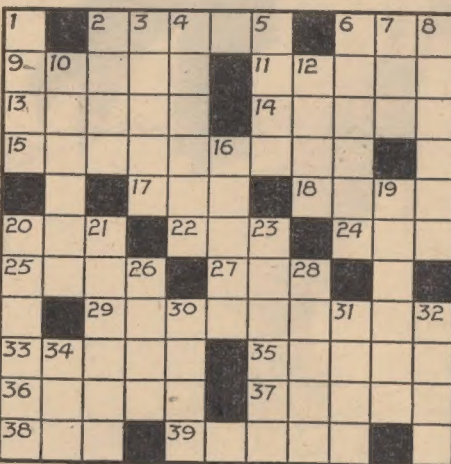
Tio Pancho, the hotel proprietor, set his great silver-rimmed anteojos upon his nose and divided the papers into a number of smaller rolls. A barefooted muchacho dashed in, desiring the post of messenger.

"Bien venido," said Tio Pancho. "This to Senora Conant; that to el Doctor S-S-Schlegel—Dios! what a name to say!—that to Senor Davis—one for Don Alberto. These two for the Casa de Hues- pedes, Numero 6, en la calle de las Buenas Gracias. And say to them all, muchacho, that the Pajaro sails for Panama at three this afternoon. If any have letters to send by the post, let them come quickly, that they may first pass through the correo."

(More to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



CLUES DOWN.

- Reputation.
- Sit lazily.
- Benefit.
- Absorbed.
- Plastic.
- Flag.
- Liable.
- Desuetude.
- Sweet.
- Retain.
- Lift.
- Rule.
- Indian Province.
- Missile.
- Hard stone.
- Token.
- Claw.
- Sentry's round.
- Acid.
- Marine mammal.
- Anger.

- 2 Young animals.
- 6 Inferior.
- 9 Over.
- 11 African ruminant.
- 13 Tooth.
- 14 Openings.
- 15 Instruct.
- 17 Shelter.
- 18 Wooden clips.
- 20 Curtsy.
- 22 Barrier.
- 24 Eggs.
- 25 Burden.
- 27 Tun.
- 29 Frees.
- 33 Middle of barrel.
- 35 Trumper forth.
- 36 Sphere of action.
- 37 Girl's name.
- 38 Still.
- 39 Staffordshire river.

CHEF COLONS
LAX WAVER W
ORAL PETITE
ADMIRER GAP
K MISPRINT
PAID LENS
CONTINUE A
URN CASKETS
PEANUT SLOP
LILAC SUE
DISPEL FERN

PHIZ QUIZ

"Here's to the next time," he says on leav- ing—and millions have heard him say it.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 584: Jack Dempsey.



HOME TOWN NEWS

TIGER BAY TAVERNER.

BOB DOWNEY is dead. Known throughout the country at all sorts of sporting engage- ments, Bob was a familiar figure in Cardiff with his wooden crutch. For fifty years he was the doyen of Welsh sportsmen.

One time he kept a tavern in notorious Tiger Bay, tough dockland quarter, where fights were as common as tankards. But Bob, tough and hefty, was always able to keep order with his fists or his crutch.

A big money backer was Bob. He often handed hundreds to pals to "put on" for him at sports tours. In racing, boxing, running or trotting gatherings he was always at home.

He never smoked nor drank, could neither read nor write, yet he knew all the answers.

His greatest passion was boxing. Many stars of the past learnt their first steps in ringcraft from him. They included the famous Jimmy Driscoll, Boyo Driscoll, Bobbie Dobbs, Alf Craig, Alf Mansfield, Badger Brian and Joe White.

AIRMAN AT 75.

WILLIAM THOMAS BEAVAN, Cardiff's old- est magistrate, who has died, aged 82, was the oldest flier in the country. A son of a former Mayor of Cardiff, he was a keen airman for forty years, and when 72 flew around the country rousing boys to the need to become air-minded.

He was a member of Cardiff Aeroplane Club, and at 73 went up in a stunt plane to entertain crowds waiting for London-Cardiff air race to pass over the city.

When well over 70 he put in an entry in an essay competition, the subject being, "Why I want to fly." It was meant to be a contest for boys, but this game old dad had a shot at it. For many years he dispensed justice with great mercy at Cardiff courts.

Good Morning

Columbia insists Rita Hayworth is portraying a London chorine, but we think she must be playing lead in "The Naughtiest Girl at St. Winifred's."



We thought the lady was portraying "Dick Whittington," but she insists she's the naughtiest girl in the chorus at the old Empire.

SHOW A LEG THERE! When the Royal Canadian Navy show "Meet the Navy" gave a performance on board a Canadian warship, the artists were shown over the ship. When chorus girl, Frances Conely, must be about the prettiest thing that ever bulged a hammock—in the opinion of these seamen and ours, too.



THIS ENGLAND. "Red Sails in the Sunset" sings Suzette Tarri on the air, but whether she decided on her signature tune after seeing the Brixham fishing fleet in it's lovely Devon harbour we can't say. Incidentally that's not Suzette in the picture—as far as we know.



"Well, that's the silliest trick I've seen a cat do yet. I mean, it's just pointless."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, twitch my whiskers! Did you hear that!"

